Agitate the Union Idea Everywhere

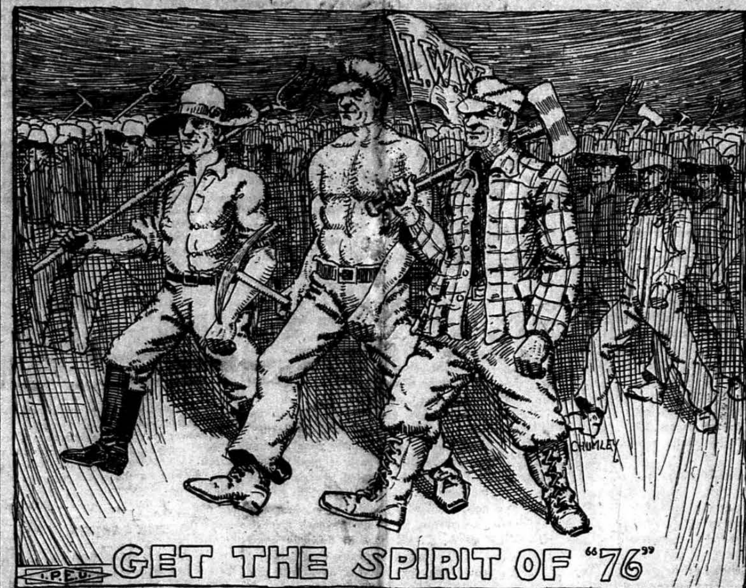
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Put the Union Idea to Work on the job

Industrial Worker

"AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL"

Vol. 1—No. 17 One Dollar a Year SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1916 Six Months 50c Whole Number 17



STEEL TRUST THUGS WAR ON WOMEN

Over Thousand Strikers Call Bluff of Officials; Enthusiastic Meetings; Grand Solidarity.

(Special Wire to the Industrial Worker.)

HIBBING, Minn., July 29th.—One thousand strikers from all parts of the Iron Ranges yesterday marched to Virginia and Eveleth, thus calling the bluff of the gunman government of these cities. Leaving Virginia, deputies carrying badges that are supposed to represent the United States Government, although they are actually in the direct employ of the Steel Trust attempted to stop the parade. And the women bared their breasts to the rifles of the gunmen. The curs, scared of nothing as much as their own hides, seeing the workers determined, backed down. Enthusiastic meetings were held with Ettor and Flynn voicing the determination and splendid solidarity of the strikers.

A fifteen- year old boy who had been scabbing in a mine near Hibbing, had his leg broken by one of the steam shovels.

Gun Men War on Women.

While the gunmen were not brave enough to attack the miners, they are still carrying on cowardly tactics and their war on women. The wife of one of the strikers in Gilbert was dragged through the streets by gunmen, and as she was pregnant, her death and that of her unborn child may result. Greater than the outrages of the Russian cossacks are the outrages of the Steel Trust's hell hounds, who can with the protection of the law do anything their vermin instincts may dictate, without fear of punishment. Murder red handed is loose on the ranges and none deny or limit its authority.

A gunman at the Letonia mine murdered a scab, as he mistook him for a striker, and even the scabs all quit the mine.

Other towns not before on strike are organizing and the strike may spread.

The Steel Trust claim that the wages paid for May was thirty cents higher than the scale now demanded by the workers, that is, that the strikers are on strike to cut their own pay. They expect to prove this and are doctoring their books for the federal investigators, who are now on the range.

Street speaking has been stopped in Duluth. There are still ten being held there for the Grand Jury, while real murderers are wearing badges, impressing on the mind of the strikers the autocracy of the Steel Trust and its ownership of the government.

—E. W. Burns.

MAYOR TO STOP AGITATION.

CROSBY. Minn., July 28.—Three meetings were held at the Finnish Hall for the benefit of the strikers. On Tuesday night $27.00 was collected. On Wednesday afternoon the collection was $12.67, and at the night meeting the collection was $18.00.

An I. W. W. Miners Local has been formed here, as the miners in this place know they will have to get together to better conditions.

The mayor of Superior has issued order to arrest members of the I. W. W. and he has declared that he is going to stamp out all I. W. W. agitation. After he has finished this little contract God will probably resign and let him run the universe.

—Press Committee.

EVEN FOOLS KNOW WHEN THEY ARE LICKED.

DULUTH, Minn., July 29.—Street meetings are being held in Duluth, as the police department found out they were only making fools of themselves in trying to stop agitation. On Monday, July 24th, Jack Randolph was arrested for speaking on the street and fined $7.50 for trying to defend the American constitution. Fellow Worker Treat was arrested for begging. He was passing the hat for the Iron Range miners. Treat was released the next morning, as the cops, while they have never been accused of being over-gifted with brains saw their powerlessness to cope with the I. W. W. Their opposition has helped us greatly as it has brought a large number of the unorganized men into the I. W. W. as it has made them realize the power of organization.

—Press Committee.

Anything that helps the Industrial Worker help the workers. They have identity of interest.

DESPOTISM BOSSES' UNION

CENTRALIA, Wash.—In traveling the country between here and Moclips, I found the camps so rotten that I did not care to "enlist." Wages, hours and food are worse than ever before,made so by the perfect unionism of the lumber barons. The majority of the men in the camps consider a man their enemy, if he points out to them the benefit of organization. It would make them think, and that is a kind of work some of them are not used to doing. This is the reason they have to do other kinds of work, for others, so incessantly.

Often the bunk house "wireless operator" will get into action and have the offender against the inalienable rights of the lumberjack to slavery, shipped out of the camp before daylight. One such instance came to my notice recently, where a man—a real man—by the name of Blake told the flunkey to furnish knives, forks and spoons when he sent out the dinner-box next day. This was at Polson's camp at Hoquiam. The camp foreman, Mike Lawless, alias "Mickey the Rat" sent for Blake and told him to get out of camp at 11 p. m.

The worst camp along the line is the M. & M. camp at Helsing Junction. The cook is an old saloon swamper, who is doing his best, unconsciously, to make I. W. W.s, as he is viciously attacking the men through their stomachs. The boss says he is doing his best. His best is not fit to feed to the hogs. A respectable hog would eat him alive for the grease on his clothing, rather than eat his cooking.

A great many of the loggers are holding the jungles down, thinking they can raise the wages that way. If you tell them they are merely on a "hunger strike" against themselves and that they are helping towards a raise in the cost of board and the lowering of wages latter in the season, you simply make more enemies.

A large number of the camps are closed down till some time in August by that perfect unionism that can through curtailing the supply of logs raise the prices.

All the camps in the Grey's Harbor country are working their men eleven or twelve hours.

—John Downing.

WANT W. F. M. TO JOIN I. W. W.

BISBEE, Ariz.—As the result of the fact that Moyer was again put across on the Western Federation of Miners, the W. F. M. Union here is extremely disapointed.

They, at their last meeting, strongly censured the stand taken by the Miner's Magazine in its attacks on the I. W. W. and passed a resolution recommending that the Western Federation and the I. W. W. should get together again. They also donated $50.00 for the striking miners on the Iron Range.

—Press Committee.

NO WOODEN ARMS; LOTS OF WOODEN HEADS.

One-Armed Man Gets by Examining Army Surgeon.

(From the "Spokesman Review.")

HARRISBURG, Pa., July 17th.—Among the applications received at the adjutant general's department from people who want to raise companies to participate in a war against the Mexicans are some from men most illiterate. One wrote, applying for a commission as captain, and said he was in fine trim to command a company, as he "knew all about military tactics, having drilled a volunteer fire company to march in a big parade."

In a Western Pennsylvania city one man, who had but one arm, so successfully fooled the examining surgeon, who must have given the man a cursory examination, that he was accepted and went with the recruits to Camp Brumbaugh. Of course, he couldn't keep up his deception when the United States surgeons got after him, but was detected at once.

"Whatever possessed you to believe that the army would take a man with a wooden arm?" asked the surgeon.

"Well," said the fellow, evidently very much aggrieved because he had been discovered, "I thought, as they were taking so many fellows with wooden heads, they might possibly take one with a wooden arm." He was sent home.

S. F., CITY OF PLAGUES

San Francisco was afflicted with fleas and rats until these parasites brought the bubonic plague in their train. That forced the Board of Health to wage a war of extermination against these relatively harmless pests.

But San Francisco is now suffering from another and worse plague. The deluge of threatening letters, which have lately been discovered, indicate that the unhappy city is now afflicted with a pestilence of "private detectives," brought there by the stench from the Chamber of Commerce law and order slush fund.

The people of San Francisco are now devoutly praying to get back their old friends —the fleas—instead.

—B. E. Nilsson.

COMING BACK TO RANGE.

VIRGINIA, Minn., July 29th.—A letter from George Andreytchine says he is coming back to the Range again. His release by federal officers in New York was due largely to the efforts of Mrs. J. S. Cram and Miss Bena Flynn. Meantime, thanks to the Steel Trust's efforts to deport him, he is now addressing large crowds in Madison Square, and is doing good work for the strikers.

I. W. W. PROGRESS IN IDAHO.

ST. MARIES, Ida.—The I. W. W. has now a nice little hall at 219 Main Avenue, with the big I. W. W. sign looming out bigger than anything in town.

A rousing business meeting of the delegates from the lumber camps was held on June 20th, after which they went back on the job, with a vicious looking bunch of cats.

Every day is adding more strength to the working class organization here. It is encouraging to see the way in which the slaves are taking out and reading the literature. Sabbotage, by Elizabeth Gurley Flynn is the favorite, and this means that the bosses are going to see action. A millionaire lumber baron was in here a few days ago and got a copy of Sabotage. He will probably learn that Fellow Worker Flynn did not print the best part of her book, but gave it to the membership unwritten.

O, yes we also had the governor here, peddling bunk about this great country of ours. He said that we would never have another panic in the United States. This only proves how little he knows, if proof is necessary, for those who have heard him. It looks here as if we would soon have another panic among the bosses, if the present rate of agitation and organization continues.

All rebels are asked to give this branch a call on their way East and West. Class conscious workers who want to get into action can get lots of action here.

—J. I. Turner.

EFFECTIVE PROPOGANDA.

DULUTH, Minn., July 18th.—A bridge on the Steel Trust Railway was blown up, and the blame is being placed by the Capitalist press on Fellow Worker Gurley Flynn's propoganda on the Iron Range. We have always known that Gurley Flynn used effective propoganda, but seeing that the bridge was blown up before Flynn came on the Iron Range, her lectures on class unionism are effective even before they are delivered.

No I. W. W. has ever given the Flynn brand of mental dynamite as high praise as the capitalist press are now doing.

—Press Committee.

ANDREYCHINE RELEASED.

(Special Wire to the Industrial Worker.)

CHICAGO, Ill., July 29th.—George B. Andreychine, one of the organizers on the Iron Range who was ordered deported as the Steel Trust wanted to get rid of him, because he thought a worker should have a little measure of freedom in the "land of the free," was released in New York City by the Immigration authorities.

—W. D. Haywood.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT IN SO. DAKOTA

List of Dead and Injured I. W. W. Members; Everything Possible Done for Injured.

MITCHELL, S. D.—Three members of the I. W. W. are dead and a large number are injured as the result of a terrible accident which occured at Trip on Sunday, July 23rd. A train loaded with harvesters was going at a high speed when the engine was uncoupled and the entire center of the train piled up as the result.

DEAD:

Clarence Sanquist of Jena, Ill; card No. 243765.

Nelias Spayde, Mariah Hill, Ill; card lost.

James French, home unknown, card lost.

THE INJURED:

Clyov, slightly injured; card lost.

John P. Miles, slightly injured; card No. 243764.

E. S. Rose, delegate No. 225, sprained shoulder; card No. 196863.

Wm. Lyons, slightly injured, card No. 194,990.

Ole Cuter, card lost, slightly injured.

Roy Morgan, fractured rib, card No. 235,621.

John Dacho, broken legs; card No. 243795.

H. Phillips, broken legs; card 232985.

Wm. Penison, ribs broken, both legs broken, card lost in wreck.

J. Polk, ankle and shoulder sprained; card No. 220,786.

Frank Malish, bruised hips; card No. 236073.

Gus Johnson, sprained neck; card lost.

Harold Harzell, face and arm injured; card No. 243665.

John Charvat, fractured skull; card lost.

James Grimisch, broken arm; card 243316.

Gus Johnson, broken arm, Rockford Local; card lost.

Roy Yellig, broken ribs; card lost.

Frank Hughes, legs broken; card No. 232,486.

Wm. Ransom, both legs broken; card No. 226277.

Don Posquale, internal injuries; card No. 243791.

John Weaver, broken arm; card No. 236,225.

Wm. Brown, both legs broken; card No. 195,461.

Frank Collins, neck and wrist injured; card No. 243,611.

Thos. Collier, foot injured; card No. 241,611.

Chas. Heller, both legs broken; card lost.

The killed and injured were brought to Trip, where the injured were being giver every medical attention. There being no hospital, the depot was put into shape for that use. Beds and bedding was provided and the women in the town did everything possible for the injured, under the direction of competent doctors. Everything that could possibly be done for patients was done. The I. W. W. sent some of its members to see that all the needs of the fellow workers were met and everything was done for their convenience and comfort.

The railway company subsequently furnished a train consisting of one day coach for those who were able to, with agony, sit up; and a filthy box car for those who were badly injured or dying, and brought them to the hospital at Yanktown.

—E. N. Osborne.

MENTION I. W. W. GET HIGHER WAGES.

DULUTH, Minn., July 27th.—A number of workers were engaged in building an elevator here. They were paid $2.50 a day. They asked the superintendent for $3.00. The superintendent told them to go back to work and he would think it over.

One of the workers, wise in his day and generation, said to some of the other workers, so the boss could hear: "Let's go over to the I. W. W. hall and get an organizer out here, and by lining up we can get $3.50 anyway."

"Go back to work at $3.00, I don't want any of those damned I. W. W.s on this job," said the superintendent, whose "think it over" had been hurried by the mere mention of the I. W. W.

—Press Committee.

Holier to me than any flag, the tatters of her
Who should be a full-bosomed mother.
More eloquent to me than banners
The pathetic rags of Labor.
—C. E. S. Woods, The Poet in the Desert.

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CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS.

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD.
General Headquarters—Room 307, 164 W. Washington St., Chicago, Illinois.
W. D. Haywood .... General Sec'y-Treas.
Jos. J. Ettor .... General Organizer

GENERAL EXECUTIVE BOARD.
M. J. Welch, A. C. Christ, Francis Miller, W. E. Mattingly, F. H. Little.

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Law.

PERHAPS in all the manifestations of capitalism there is not a more perfect instrument, for the purpose for which it was created, than law. The workers have noticed in every struggle that it was used against them. They kick against the law and are illogical. The pruning hook is a fine tool, for the work for which it was created, so also is the double bitted axe. To expect the pruning hook to be good for undercutting trees, and the axe to be good for pruning grape vines would be foolish. It would be foolish to blame the ignorance of the worker on the tool, functioning properly only for the means for which it was created.

To understand law, the worker must understand the class struggle.

The ruling class of every age have made the law. They have made it to conform to the needs of the ruling class. All historic systems of society have been master-and-slave systems, dependent for their very existence on slavery. It was necessary for the ruling class to entrench themselves in their power. Law has always been but a manifestation of class interest and class necessity, in order to perpetuate the slavery of the many for the benefit of the few.

As other factions arose in society whose necessity demanded other laws, these factions appealed, not to laws as they were, but, using their might, abolished the laws that were detrimental to them, not through law, but revolution, that is through a basic change in the foundations of society, *dictated by the economic necessities of the revolutionists.* This is the meaning of the French revolution, by which the Capitalists rose to power through revolution. It is more strongly the meaning of the American revolution, in which for the first time in the history of the world, a people, through a Declaration of Independence, made a declaration of the rights of peoples to have a revolution, when their necessity demanded it.

In view of these facts, it is foolish for the worker to be whining because he cannot get justice from the courts and the laws. The class conscious worker would be surprised if he received what he considers justice from the courts. Needless to say, the worker is never surprised from this cause.

For the Germans to bring on their battle line a great cannon that would kill more Germans than Allies would be folly. The Germans would consider it a poor cannon. Equally foolish would it be for the master class to place on their battle line a law-cannon that would help their enemies—the workers. Yet there are among the working class wise fools who wonder that a machine, made to enslave the workers, does not help in their emancipation.

Despite the noise we hear about justice, democracy and other principles—most, from those who believe in them least—we must understand that principles are themselves founded on the material interests of those making them.

No law is operative without the power to punish. From the power to punish comes the power of law. Behind the laws of the master class is the power of the master class. Law in order to function properly towards the deepening and strengthening of the power of the industrial slave holder must, of necessity, function towards the deepening and strengthening of the slavery of the working class.

Understanding the class nature of law, the worker will not be surprised when the capitalist class either change their law, or annul it when necessary, as they are merely using the power that made law to remould it closer to their needs, to make it conform to changing necessities in their enslavement of the workers.

Law to be just to the powerful—as the powerful see justice—must be unjust to the slaves—as the slaves see justice.

Anything which has the greatest power behind it is legal and right. The weak are always ilegal and wrong, unless they willingly accept the definitions of their masters, and with such acceptance they accept their slavery and kiss their shackles.

Wherever we examine Capitalism, after getting underneath the fine phrases of those who wrap slavery in flowers, we find this one question of *POWER.*

The worker, tired of slave thoughts, slave laws, slave ethics, slave morality, finds facing him this question of power, which can never be answered by one slave, except as he realizes he must add his power to the power of other slaves, and takes with him on his job the lesson that only by organization on the job by those who would be free, can that power which is the pathway to his ideal of justice, liberty, emancipation, be given concrete expression.

Scabs Naturally Refuse Their Aid.

THE appeal of over twenty thousand miners, fighting for all workers on the ranges of Northern Minnesota, was filed by the San Francisco Labor Council, without reading. This action was largely due to the influence of President Daniel C. Murphy. According to the San Francisco Bulletin, the vote against reading the communication was almost unanimous.

This action was not surprising as the Labor Council has just completed a very successful campaign against their "Brother members" in the I. L. A. The Steel Trust will miss a grand opportunity, if it does not call for the efficient scabs who have done, and are doing, all in their power to destroy one of their own unions. The dastardly treason of the San Francisco I. L. A., to the unions which came out to defend it, is but the natural fruit of a system of organized scabbery, for which Murphy is the fitting leader.

We do not know who sent an appeal for aid to them, but it was a mistake. The I. W. W. cannot expect help for the workers—from scabs.

We can appeal to the unorganized in the name of the solidarity of labor and unionism, and our appeal will be answered, but, not apparently by the San Francisco Labor Council, who judged by their recent actions, have a contract and charter entitling them to scab.

We do not blame Boss Murphy, any more than we blame a louse for being a louse, 'cause as the kid song goes: "God has made him so." To blame God for things like the Murphys, is hardly fair. Perhaps the best statement is to say that filth naturally breeds vermin.

Things like Murphy naturally fight the I. W. W. for the same reason the bosses fight us. Murphy knows we would jar him loose from the trough. Labor traitors know that in the I. W. W. they would have about the same chance as a louse in a boiling-up-can over a hot fire. Murphy has nothing to hope through the emancipation of the workers as even under a sane system of society he would have to do some work, instead of, as at present, working the workers.

To show the difference between organized scabbery of the kind that has made the San Francisco Labor Council smell like dead offal and a real union, we will quote from a letter sent by the I. L. A. union in Seattle, a bunch of good fighters—"Brothers" whom the Labor Council wanted to scab off the face of the earth—to the Seattle I. W. W.

They say: "We understand what the I. W. W. has done for us and appreciate accordingly. Our men traveling through the state, report, that the I. W. W. is about the only union doing any good for us. This also applies to this city."

The I. W. W. membership does not ask any credit for helping any body of workers, who are fighting the boss. It comes as naturally to the I. W. W. to help the strikers as it does to some unions of the A. F. of L. to scab.

We do not wish to infer that all members of the A. F. of L. are naturally scabs. Definitely, undeniably do we state that the A. F. of L., through its form of organization, keeps one faction of the working class scabbing on the other. There has never been a time in the past ten years when part of the A. F. of L. was not scabbing on some other part of the A. F. of L. It is in the fact that the workers hate to scab, that we see the doom of the A. F. of L., at best, a disjointed Labor Trust, getting better conditions at the expense of the working class as a whole; at its worst, one of the most gigantic machines ever built to fight worker against worker and delay the victory of the working class.

There are thousands of men in the craft union movement who would never scab, unless forced to do so by their union. There are other thousands who would see Murphy, Gompers, Moyer, the Capitalists, and all their other henchmen in Hell before they would scab, even for the great A. F. of L.—great in its crimes against the working class.

Murphys of the Labor movement, the last paragraph of the Seattle I. L. A's letter sounds your doom. It says: "We understand that the workers must fight their own battles, and with that knowledge, we look to the day of *One Big Union.* Yours for Industrial Freedom."

How long can a Labor Union in that mental state stay in the fold of the A. F. of L.? Those who know the A. F. of L. can answer.

Meantime, things of the Murphy stamp—traitors to the cause of labor—make the scabs respectable, by contrast.

As the Industrial Worker was going to press a message arrived showing the new developments on the Iron Range.

HIBBING, Minn., Aug. 1st, (9:15 p. m.)—Strike situation getting more tense every day. The Steel Trust is giving miners choice of scabbing on themselves or being evicted, in some cases. out of their own homes, built on company property, under lease of one year. Women and children are being thrown on county road. We may have to establish tented miner's villages. Solidarity of the workers is unshaken.

JOSEPH J. ETTOR.

No methods are too outrageous for the masters to use in their war on the workers. Murder, gunmen, prostituted courts, hireling officials from governor to deputy sheriffs, every means of outrage to drive the miners back to their slavery are being used. The conditions can only be met through the workers of America realizing every member of the working class must have all the support of all the members of the working class. *It is the battle of all capitalism against all labor that is being fought on the ranges of Minnesota.*

Sammy Gompers is agitating for a Pan-American Federation of Labor. We suppose in this dream of Sammy's, Gompers is the head of the visionary animal while the Capitalist class and Sammy through the Civic Federation are holding its tail.

Have mercy! The workers of the American republics, so called, are separated enough without organizing them to fight each other A. F. of L. fashion.

SLACKERS' PARADES.

I realize that the term "Slackers Parade" is inadequate—it only expresses one of the evil phases of one form of commercial patriotism.

It is now a demonstrated fact—which many of the more honest Capitalist publications have frankly admitted—that those who strut so nobly and bravely in preparedness parades have no intention of risking their own valuable hides in any war.

The workers who march do so because they have not the backbone to refuse, when the boss tells them to go. They march in parades, knowing full well that better men than they would have to go to the front, if a war should result from the jingoism they help to create. Perhaps some of them even expect the better wages and improved working conditions, which they are too craven to fight for, to come to them as a result of the wholesale slaughter of other workingmen.

They are "Slackers"—but Slackers who lend their voice to swell the shout for a war which braver men would have to fight.

Business men who march in parades have, of course, no intention of going to war. The ridiculously small amounts subscribed for the support of soldiers' families show that business men do not intend to pay the financial cost of war either. Some of them have bought munition stocks; the others hope that war would stimulate their business. Slackers—and Plunder Patriots!

Preparedness parades were invented to give slackers and plunder patriots a perfectly safe chance to impress a gullible public with their heroic devotion to their country. That is one of their inalienable rights. They are intensely patriotic—as long as it is perfectly safe. But, "safety first," is their pet slogan.

That is why they are so wildly excited about that explosion in San Francisco. It is immaterial whether that explosion was accidental or the work of some crank. The vital fact remains that in spite of all the care to make Plunder-Patriotism perfectly safe, there is still some possibility of danger connected with it.

No wonder that the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce decided to devote part of its law and order slush-fund to "detecting" some one who may be unable to prove himself innocent of the outrage.

—B. E. Nilsson.

THE CANNON.

By THOMAS WELLS.

'Tis a frowning grim machine of death,
That belches Hell at every breath,
With crash and roar and blinding glare,
That in its wake leaves black despair.

When loving hearts and ties are torn,
It causes countless souls to mourn,
It casts Death's shadow o'er the land,
And denies the brotherhood of Man.

'Tis mounted on the City square,
'Twas labor's hands that placed it there,
Their own poor class to maim and kill,
The master's purpose to fulfill.

Should labor dare its wrongs to right,
'Tis there to prove the master's might.
When mothers cry and children wail,
For more to eat, 'tis there to quell.

BUT LISTEN!

Take heed of my warning ye masters of bread,
Lest history repeat and you eat your own lead,
We have nothing to lose, but our hovels and chains,
And the earth and its fullness is ours to regain!

"EMBALMED BEEF" GETS HEROES.

In the first skirmish between the Beef Trust and the suckers who enlisted, the Beef Trust won. In the Kansas City Post is a story that might have been printed in 1899, or 1900 as well. It is headed "50 Ptomaine Cases Caused by Embalmed Beef." It is the same old story of the workers being enlisted and then fed rotten beef so the Beef Trust can add to their millions. If the Mexicans killed as many Americans as the Beef Trust, we would surely have good cause for war. Those who will not be "killed by Armour's pork and beans," will be killed by bullets made by another one of our patriotic trusts.

The men were not killed; and now the government is trying to hush up the matter, and of course any of the soldiers who may kick, will be sent to Levenworth, which is the answer of the government to discontented soldiers.

The government does not respect the workers, they despise us; and their willing patriotic tools, most of all.

There is but one way to make them respect us, and that is to prepare for war, not for our masters, but for ourselves on the battlefields of industry.

—A. Geo. Jensen.

Might has always ruled the world, and does today. The master class can keep the I. W. W.s in jail, for they have the might, and consequently have the power to make their might right.

When the workers are organized into One Big Union they will have the might to open the doors of the jails and prisons, and for the first time be right. There is one thing they cannot confine and that is the revolutionary spirit of our fellow workers. That will remain free. Don't forget it, Mr. Parasite, the worm is turning. —F. H. Alexander.

TO THE LUMBER TRUST.

Long have we worked for little pay,
Eaten rotten grub and slept on hay.
We've always had to buy a job,
This was the law, so help me God!

To work we've walked both out and in,
On our own time. Another sin!
A general store in camp you've run,
Where prices put us on the bum.

We used to grieve and quit the job,
Come into town get drunk and robbed,
You had the bulls and bar-dogs fixed;
We'll ne'er forget those drinks they mixed.

This is the life you've made us lead,
Exploiting us with miser's greed.
And we, believing liars of the press,
Obeyed the laws, and did our best.

Those days are gone, a change has come;
No more you'll keep us on the run.
We're organizing day by day,
We're on the job; we're there to stay!

Cooks, skinners, fallers—all,
Are answering the One Big Union's call
We want more pay; we want less hours,
Good food, clean beds, and lots of showers!

In every camp and every mill,
The slaves respond with right good will,
And joyful sing of days to come,
When every toiler shall be free.

Now, Mr. Parasite, this war is on,
No peace can be till you are gone.
When you and all your kind are doing useful labor,
Then will we meet with you, in social palaver,
Until that day, 'twill be but endless strife,
There lies the gauntlet; battle for your life.

THE SLAVES OF 1916.

("San Francisco Bulletin," Editorial.")

The holder of sugar company stock put his money into it and takes back big profits in the increased value of his holdings and in the meantime pockets juicy dividends.

The toiler in the field and the worker in the Sugar Trust's factories *put their lives into the industry,* and what do they take back in return? Just barely enough to keep the rent man away until the next month and square the bill at the grocery store. When the doctor has to be called in or the weary grind claims a victim in the family, then some bill has to go unpaid.

The sugar factory slave gives all theat he has to the trust and, if he has a bit of hard luck and more babies than "practical," who are too young and too weak to pile up sugar dividends for the bosses, he does not receive half so good treatment as the black slaves did in the cotton states before the Civil war.

The Southern plantation owner had a clear title to his black slaves. He bought and paid for them, and they had a market value.

Therefore, he was careful to see that they did not work too long at a time; that they had nourishing food and plenty of it and that they had the very best medical skill that the times afforded. His slaves were kept in prime condition in so far as he could keep them so.

The Sugar Trust doesn't have to worry about the slavery. There are always plenty to fill the gaps. And when one is ready for the scrap heap because he has been underpaid and sometimes underfed and worked long hours, there is no direct loss to the company in his retirement. Another is ready to take his burden.

Now the Sugar Trust watches the market, not for the price of labor, but for the price of the result of labor.

The price of sugar stock jumped from less than $7 to more than $21. The big owners of stock in the local trust, therefore, saw their fortunes more than trebled in a short time.

But the trust's slaves had to keep on with the monotonous grind generally twelve hours a day and sometimes eighteen.

Why weren't their wages raised? Why didn't the trust allow them to join in the increased prosperty.

The price of sugar was boosted to the consumers at an outrageous rate. The trust is now receiving over $3.85 increased profit on every ton of beets put through the factory. It finally had to bow before pressure and a threat of congressional investigation and raise the price paid to the farmer for his beets. The trust still enjoys more than $3.35 increased profit over the profit on every ton of beets a year ago.

Why don't the sugar factory slaves demand part of this. Certainly their labor, that produces the sugar should rise in value, if the Company's stock can treble in value.

Are they as helpless as the slaves were before the war?

Must some outside force emancipate them?.

THE TWO HILLS.

The earth may ring, from shore to shore,
Of Jim Hill's great and pursy name;
But he whose loss our tears deplore,
Has left behind him more than fame.

For when the murderers led by Spry,
Fired into Joe Hill's might heart,
The lead but quenched his friendly eye,
His spirit did not all depart.

The words of fire that from his pen,
Were flung upon the lucid page,
Still moves, still shakes, the hearts of men,
Amid a cold and coward age.

His love of truth, too warm, too strong,
For hope or fear, to chain or chill,
His hate of tyranny and wrong,
Burn in the breasts he kindled still.

—S. W. Jack

MBER TRUST.

d for little pay,
d slept on hay.
buy a job,
help me God!

d both out and in,
nother sin?
mp you've run,
on the bum.

nd quit the job,
drunk and robbed,
d bar-dogs fixed;
ose drinks they mixed.

made us lead,
iser's greed,
ars of the press,
did our best.

, a change has come;
us on the run.
by day,
e're there to stay!

s—all,
ne Big Union's call.
we want less hours,
, and lots of showers!

ery mill,
with right good will,
ys to come,
all be free.

is war is on,
you are gone,
r kind are doing useful

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be but endless strife,
t; battle for your life.

ES OF 1916.

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—S. W. Jack.

FALACIES OF CAPITALISM.

Anything and everything the workers do collectively for their own economic interests is regarded as treason and unlawful by the, so called, law and order brigade. When the wage slave is forced through necessity to go on strike for better conditions, the ruling class always expect the officials of the cities to use all kinds of force, even to murder, to force the slave back into submission, and thus perpetuate slavery.

* * *

We do not care for pie, although a piece once in a while would taste good, or mansions in the sky when we die, as dead we might not be able to enjoy them. What we want is better conditions here and now. We have resolved to go after what we want, till we get it. We do not want to be fed like woodpeckers in a nest. All we want is the opportunity to live decent lives through the use of the things our labor has created. There is with us no substitute for bread. No catch words, no patriotism can take the place of decent material conditions. The rich deny us the right to bread and the things which it, to us, signifies, after we ourselves have produced it. Is this code of morals very moral judged by any standards. But we do not care as no morals or ethics are as filling, to the working class, as bread, as desirable as food, clbthing and shelter.

* * *

Labor is entitled to all it produces, except the earth. God deeded that to John D. Rockefeller, J. P. Morgan, Andy Carnegie, Schwab, Guggenheimer and a few more favored old saints of capitalism. **So long as the idle rich do no useful work we are fools to work over eight hours.**

We are expected to patronize home trade, pay our bills, and support the preacher, in order to save our souls and these things are an impossibility at the wages now being paid the workers. We are supposed to use modern improvements, patronize the arts and sciences, but, alas our poverty stricken wives, when we have the supreme nerve to get married.

* * *

Some wise guy will say that the worker gets paid for his work. He does nothing of the kind. **The worker pays himself, and he pays the boss** through the machinations of law and the established usages of slavery six-seventh of his product for the privilege of working. For every dollar the worker produces for himself he has to produce six for the boss as an employment fee for the privilege of working. This forces us to the belief that all organized capitalistic society is but organized robbery, for the benefit of the few to the detriment and destruction of the many. Thus, the worker is always in want, while the rich are wallowing in luxury.

If the rich idlers got all they produce how much would they lack of getting anything? The only things the rich produce are Hell, War and Poverty. We are willing to let them have the full product of their idleness.

Why, these conditions? It is all on account of the ignorance and superstition of the workers themselves. Imagine a worker believing "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." Yes, they inherit the earth in the jungles, the earth on their clothing, and the earth on the back of their necks. The ones who have refused to be meek own the rest of the earth, while preaching to the workers a "slave-philosophy" of patience.

Who will solve this problem, if not the workers directly interested in overthrowing a system which enslaves them?

Labor is rapidly drifting towards conditions that will force collective action from all labor.

There was a time in history, when the sufferers from another type of slavery made their appeal to the masters of bread. They were told to eat grass, with a terrible climax. It is said that history repeats itself. A hungry man knows no master.

* * *

Money talks. Especially that which we have produced, and of which we have been robbed, through various methods.

Why should the worker beg for that which belongs to him, without question. Where except in their power to outrage, do the capitalists get their authority to dictate to labor "the source of all wealth."

* * *

Where is all this war prosperity and good business, talked about in the subsidized press of the nation? It is like mother's jam on the top shelf, out of reach of us little fellows.

We are tired of supplying silk hose to the boss for the privilege of working. How can any one expect labor to owe any allegiance to any flag, or a country where thousands of us starve.

Would you beg a potato bug to stop eating your potato vines?

Does a dog beg the fleas to quit biting him?

We workers are preparing to dump the organized mob of profit grabbers of our back with a thud. Organized as a class it will be easy.

BILLY WAS RIGHT.

The late Billy Shakespeare (or was it Bryan) once said, "What's in a name?" Right you are, Bill! In the U. S. A., the boss class are clamoring for what they call the 'Open Shop.' In England the same gang is crying for the "dilution of labor." These are two birds of one feather. We'll have none of them. The closed shop or undiluted labor for ours.

—J. P.

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK.

Receiving a wireless from our pocketbook, I shipped to Flavell, Ore., from Portland, to work on a bridge gang. After slaving a half day on this kind of labor, my service was timidly solicited in helping unload the Great Northern Pacific liner after a hearty lunch. Realizing now the real purpose of my shipment here by the railroad, I proceeded agitating with a will. The result was I got the hearing of the slaves to such an extent that the cook and the rest of the men all left the camp. There are a few professional scabs working there and we found it useless to waste our energies with them as most of these things are walking arsenals. who have lost all sense of manhood.

After informing Portland of the situation we scattered for new fields of agitation. Most of the men got work around the environs of Astoria, several are working for the city water works, $2.50 for eight hours. This is easier than usual; the bosses are not looking down your collar, as men are scarce. Others went on a pile driver outfit; some went to work for the fishermen, the rest went to the surrounding logging camps, or else helping in raising the buildings in the city, for which they are paying $3.00 for ten hours. Three of us, including myself, happened to go to McGregor & Malone's Logging Co. This is the outfit, in which fellow worker Sullivan lost his life in an accident, ten days ago.

The Pace that Kills.

The writer has logged in Minnesota, Canada and all along the coast, but for a killing pace this outfit has the world beat. The wages are good but!—Up in the morning at five, wash and eat with your eyes hardly opened, rush off to work before six o'clock. Fifteen minutes later the logging is on full blast and one wonders how these champion food-gulpers ran so fast. At noon it is another race, gulp your food, and the boss stands at the cook house door to make sure you come out fast enough. For it's the woods for you as soon as you leave the cookhouse with two miles or more to cover before 1:00 p. m. This killing pace is repeated every day, Sunday and all. 6:00 p. m. is the usual quitting time, but the hooktenders and others will keep the men going until 6:30 with very few kicking. **Not a whisper about being paid for overtime.**

We carried on our agitation with all our might, but the boss allotted us but a short time for our purpose, so we had to seek more worlds to conquer.

After quitting at the boss' request, we came into Astoria, where we had the pleasure of meeting some old time rebels, among whom was Wm. Ford, who is doing exceptionally good work in this district.

Getting Money for Strikers.

The writer, through Ford, was invited to address the comrades at the Finnish Socialist Hall, where a committee is already busy for the Minnesota strikers, through the activity of this fellow worker. After the address the business meeting discussed the advisability of holding a mass-meeting for the strikers at their big hall. I have no doubt this carried, but I was unable to remain to hear the result.

Good work could be done by the rebels in Gray's Harbor and Willapa Harbor, and all other places where the Finnish Socialists congregate, if they are addressed on the Minnesota strike. I am informed that, through lists alone, close to $75.00 has been subscribed through the Finnish Socialist Committee. Besides this Ford is soliciting aid from rather unusual places — and getting it. All the city firemen and several other people are being approached with good success, while store-keepers, boarding-houses and other places are being honored with subscription lists, to put their sympathy on.

After leaving Astoria some of us shipped to Mabel, Ore., for the Coast Range Lumber Co. This is a one-camp mill employing in all, in camp and mill, 120 men, nearly all Scandinavians. Here we were addressed in the Scandinavian tongue, and, not answering in that language, were told we were foreigners and the boss wouldn't hire us; and, the boss, wrote on the employment ticket the reason, after accusing us of the terrible crime (?) of being hatched out in Greece. The boss called us foreigners, in his broken English, while we answered in none too polite a manner in English, which unfortunately happens to be our mother tongue.

"Industrial Worker" Raises Wages.

After a none to diplomatic talk with the superintendent, we were politely informed we would receive our expenses both ways and two days pay as well, if we would clear out of camp. I suspect the fact that the **Industrial Worker** was sticking out of one of the fellow worker's pockets, in plain view of the "Super," might have something to do with this decision.

After receiving our money we went to the bunkhouse to pack up, incidently secreting literature all over the works. We found food here was good, pay in the mill $2.50 for ten hours, and good, clean bunkhouses, mattresses and good springs furnished. After one week's work you are expected to go contracting on piling lumber. Through this method they eliminate all "slackers." Pay in the logging camp was average for this district. If one is a Scandinavian it is very easy to get on in the mill, where they are mostly new arrivals from the Scandinavian countries. Mabel is 19 miles northwest from Eugene on a branch railroad. Here the workers can meet the log train which will take them to camp.

—M. L.

NEW YORK EDISON COMPANY.

I remember a few years ago, hearing a speaker refer to a quotation of Edison's. "I travel through the world once. I will not pass this way again, so I will do a good deed when possible, and make the world brighter for having lived in it." When I first ascended the Socialist platform, I often concluded a sentimental appeal with the above quotation, in far off Ulster, I never dreamed, for one moment, that I should be in America witnessing such a genius and wizard of science as T. A. Edison, occupying the role of an industrial despot of the worst type.

The employees of the Edison Company have awakened, I mean some of them. They petitioned the firm for an advance of wages. It was refused, and in consequence a strike was called. The Edison Company with its vast fortunes wrung from the sweat and blood of the workers, with all its boasted power, was compelled to keep its scabs locked in. If you become a despicable traitor to your class, the Edison Company will errect a moving picture show in its factory. It will supply you with a barber shop, it will buy you socks and overalls. But, if you desire "to make the world "brighter for having lived in it," it will pay you starvation wages, and if you dare to revolt, it will use its power to crush you. This is what Edison stands for in real life, this is what Edison will always do when his pocket is attacked. But the I. W. W. do not always advocate a strike of the workers, and pull the workers off the job. We have become wise to a few mistakes of the past. The next strike that is pulled off in Edison's works, will be a stay-on-the-job-strike.

In Edison's factory there is a 500,000 horse power turbine, earning $7,000 an hour, not for those who run it, but for the Edison Company. A few years ago, the City of Paris was thrown into darkness. "King" Pataud representing the electricians reigned supreme. The same situation is going to arise in New York, so I advise the stores to get in a supply of candles. We are going to indulge in "sabotage." The Edison Company sabotage the workers' stomachs, we intend to sabotage their pockets. We refused to allow "canting" inventors to exploit us; we refuse to allow our women and children to be exploited. Sabotage will be employed in the Edison plant. We have members in charge of vital parts of the plant, and some day—well "'nuff said."

I shewed this article to a minister of a Fifth Avenue church, and he said, that Edison was entitled to the product of his brains. This is typical of the reasoning of the bourgeois. They just take a superficial view of things; they do not go deep down enough, or maybe they do not want to. As one gazes around Edison's laboratory, and sees the various prisms, lenses, chemicals and apparatus, one asks: did Edison make all these instruments? If not, then there is someone else concerned in the making of the instruments, and if so, are they not entitled to a share of his profits. As I gaze around the laboratory, I see the lenses, and my mind goes back to England. I see men, and women sweating, standing before hot fires, slaving to make glass, so that T. A. Edison may have lenses. As I gaze at the instruments, I think of the Minnesota strike, and the humble conditions and privations the miners have endured to produce the steel, so that T. A. Edison may have instruments to work with. I think of the poor chemical workers, whose stomachs are poisoned by the foul gases from the acid towers, pyrites kilns and bleaching powder chambers, who are also slaving to procure chemicals for T. A. Edison. I see the wooden stands holding test-tubes, I see the iron tripods, I see his books, all made by labor.

T. A. Edison cannot do anything without the labor of the working class. Today with his genius, he exploits the working class, and still Edison will say in the days to come:

"I travel through the world once, I will not pass this way again, so I will do a good deed when possible, and make the world better for having lived in it."

Such is the canting hypocrisy of T. A. Edison. As I think of Edison, I think what bloody fools we workers are.

—Jack Carney.

KNOWS NOT ITS POWER.

(By Campanilla, an Italian Monk, A. D. 1600).

The people is a beast of muddy brain,
That knows not its own strength, and therefor stands
Loaded with wood and iron; the powerless hands
Of a mere child guide it with bit and rein;
One kick would be enough to break the chain,
But the beast fears and what the child demands
It does, nor its own terror understands;
Confused and stupefied by bugbears vain—
Most wonderful! With its own hands
If ties and gags itself, gives itself life and
For pence doled out by kings from its own store.
Its own are all things beneath earth and heaven;
But this it knows not, and if one arise
To tell this truth, it kills him unforgiven.

Attorney William S. Dalton, 826 Parkway Ave., Salt Lake City wishes to get into communication with Fritz Doak, formerly of Salt Lake City. The matter is, according to Attorney Dalton, of importance and advantage to Fritz Doak.

HELP ORGANIZE THE WEST.

SPOKANE, Wash.—Harvest has now commenced in the Walla Walla country, and will soon be general all through the Big Bend and Palouse Country.

This year offers exceptional opportunity for the organization of the harvest workers, as jobs are more plentiful now than they have been for some time, and the workers are more independent. John Farmer is already rending the atmosphere with his lamentations about the shortage of labor, and is saying: "I guess, by Heck! we'll have to put our women in the fields to work! Gol darn it! as all those pesky go-abouts have gone down to Dakota, where those pesky I. W. W.'s are going to get a ten-hour day, and $4.00 for it, by Heck!"

Now, John Farmer is right, most everybody is Dakota crazy this year, and they are not staying for this Western harvest, but fellow workers, there are enough "Wobblies" in Dakota or on the way there, to more than take care of John Farmer and his crops down there. What we want here is for a few of the Western members to concentrate upon the Western harvest fields, and try to repeat here our successes of Kansas and Dakota.

Here is the situation in brief, harvest is about three weeks late, and labor is scarce. John Farmer will be in a hell-of-a-hurry to get in his grain, as he is afraid that, owing to the late harvest, if he does not rush the harvest he will be caught by the fall rains, and thus lose a vast amount of grain, which means money, therefore he will be in a more reasonable mood to discuss the question of more wages, shorter hours and better conditions. But, we on the other hand, must be in a position where we can talk to John Farmer, and we must have the power behind us to back up our talk, and actions, therefore it is up to every member and rebel, who figure upon harvesting this year, to concentrate upon the harvest in the West, right at our own doors. The harvest country of Walla-Walla, Big Bend and Palouse offer a fertile field for the sowing of the seeds of organization.

Organization is the key-stone of success in every line of endeavor, and we must take steps this year to introduce to the farmers of the West, our especial brand of organization, which we guarantee can get the goods for the slaves.

Fellow workers, action is necessary right now, we call upon all members to concentrate upon the Western harvest, and get busy at once lining up the harvesters for at least $3.50 for a 10-hour day, and better conditions all around.

In order that effective and concerted action can take place, we ask all members who propose to take in the harvest in the Walla Walla, Big Bend and Palouse country, to get in immediate touch with the nearest Agricultural Workers branch, which in this district happens to be Spokane. We want all members to send in all possible information as to wages, hours of labor, the general conditions on the job, the number of men in a locality, and whether men are scarce or plentiful. Also, we want the names of members who are willing to act as stationary delegates in the central points, such as Walla-Walla, Ritzville, Lind, Colfax, Rosalia, and other points to be decided upon later.

Let us show the members in Dakota and Kansas that they are not the only ones who can line up the harvesters, and gain better conditions in the harvest field. This year belongs to us, if everybody will get busy. Let our motto be: "Everybody on the job, and every member a delegate." All communications should be addressed to Richard Brazier, Sec'y, Spokane Branch, A. W. O., 115 N. Browne St., Spokane, Wash.

WAS THIS SABOTAGE?

Shortly after the strike started on the Frisco waterfront, the Japanese line settled with the strikers. A few days later fire broke out in ten different places on the dock, and when it was over there was nothing left of the pier.

Strange to say neither a German plot was charged, nor was the I. W. W. made the goat. To those reading between the lines Hearst's local paper carried a very significant statement. It stated that the state harbor commission wanted to build a fire-proof dock, but that for some reason or other it was built of wood.

No doubt the Japanese capitalists have had a great lesson in capitalist solidarity. But how about the wage slaves? Will they ever learn their lesson?

E. W. V.

LIKES WORKER ONLY TO LIVE OFF.

ST. MARIES, Idaho.—One of the proprietors of the St. Maries Pool Room is very bitter against the I. W. W., and is strong in his expressed hatred for the organization of the working class. Considering that this animal makes his living off the workers he is rather strong in his expression of contempt for them.

—J. I. T.

As the result of the first part of the I. W. W. campaign in the harvest fields, 3,000 new members have joined the I. W. W. A report from Walter T. Nef, Secretary of Local No. 400, bearing date of July 27, says they are now coming in at the rate of 300 a day. This number will in some two weeks judging from the results last year in the harvest fields, reach 750 to 1,000 a day, as within that time harvesting should be general through North Dakota.

PREAMBLE I. W. W.

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of the working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allow one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interests of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries, if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

SOCIAL INJUSTICE.

Set a healthy man to work, with modern machinery to help him, and he will produce a good deal more than is necessary to support him and his family. People managed to get enough to eat before the age of machinery began, and now that the average producing power has been many times increased there should be a generous abundance. All economic problems arise in the fact that there is not an abundance, and that no increase in productive power seems to bring us any nearer to abundance. Slums multiply and the people in them degenerate and perish, but wars are fought over the privilege of re-investing accumulated capital in the outer regions of the earth.

Every radical, every liberal, almost every one who thinks seriously and feels deeply, is aware that this melancholy contrast does not arise from mechanical necessities, but from a hitch or injustice in the frame and soul of society.—S. F. Bulletin.

LUMBER ORGANIZER JAILED IN EVERETT

The lords of timber do not want their strangle hold on the lives of the workers released. And with them in holding back organization, as usual, is the law and order bodies owned by the head loggers.

James Rowan, who has had remarkable success in the St. Maries country has been engaged as organizer for the new Union of Forest and Timberworkers, launched in Seattle, July 3rd.

Monday, Fellow Worker Rowan went to Everett with the purpose of filling in a day or so and getting a line on the work being done there, in the timber industry.

At about 7 p. m. he started speaking on the street and a large crowd gathered and were listening attentively, while he talked on the need for working-class organization. The protectors of the people against class education butted in for their masters, like good dogs. First, a man came up and notified Rowan that the sheriff wanted to see him, when he got through talking. Next, a town bull ordered him to move back fifty feet from the main street. He moved back, the big crowd which had assembled, all following. The interference of the officer, but increased the crowd. He started talking about working-class literature of special interest to the mill workers and loggers. He was handing them out as fast as he could handle them. The bulls, noticing this, thought the peace and slavery of the city was being menaced.

Rowan was arrested on a charge of selling merchandise on the streets, as they had by this time discovered that they could in no other way break up the meeting. He was brought to the jail in the sheriff's automobile, and after being "frisked" by the officers, he was lodged in jail. That is, the officials there, called it a jail. Rowan says it was a louse infested, stinking hole, unfit to confine anything nearer human than a policeman.

Before trial, after partaking of the breakfast of sloppy mush, potatoes and half-baked dough, Fellow Worker Rowan was ordered to sweep the floor. Seeing that he was not convicted, he told the officer in charge of the jail to "go to Hell." He was placed in the dark cell for refusal to work, before he had been sentenced.

Rowan was next brought before "his'onner," charged with violating the city ordinance.

The officer making the arrest, brought before the court a damnable piece of anarchistic I. W. W. literature for which the United States Government paid $500,000,—"The Industrial Relation Commission's Report."

Rowan demanded a jury trial. Nothing like that would go before the judge in Everett. "You can't have a jury trial," was the judge's answer.

He sentenced Rowan to thirty days in jail, and said he would remit the sentence, if Rowan would leave town. Rowan, who says he would rather live in a jail somewhere else than be a citizen of Everett, chose the latter alternative.

The city of Everett needs a drastic dose of direct action, and, unless the officers there change their methods, the membership of the I. W. W. in this section will concentrate there and enforce free speech in ways not pleasant, but very educational for the Police Department of that town.

"ONLY FIGHTERS SHOULD HAVE—"

REDFIELD, S. D., July 27.—The harvest in this part of South Dakota is just starting, with men apparently plentyful. The farmers are offering $2.50 and a few as high as $3.00. The I. W. W. have, however, a strong foothold here and the unorganized men are having a very hard time of it. In fact, there seems to be no possible remedy for them but to get into the I. W. W.

The unorganized men want to ride with the I. W. W. members, taking advantage of their organized fighting strength; and when they get into the field they take advantage of the higher wages received as the result of our activities.

They have been doing this for years; and this year we are decided that only those who fight for better conditions are entitled to them. Many of the unorganized are lining up, because of the display of our power.

A few days ago, I left Sioux City, and there were only five-hundred of us on the train coming into Aberdeen.

Along the line the farmers and the unorganized would notice us, and we would overhear: "Gee Whiz, but they sure are getting strong!" We are!

The crops around here are not very good. Yesterday I made a trip to Watertown, East of here on the C. & N. W., and there the crops are even worse, owing to hail, and black rust. Here they are paying as low as $1.75 or wanting to pay that low, and lots of the fields will not be cut.

Joe Ratti is stationary delegate here and with the support the I. W. W. has, the farmer who is cheap, will be unlucky in more than a few ways. — W. C. King.

(Special Wire to the Industrial Worker.)

ABERDEEN, So. Dak., July 31st.—Any member or delegates in and around Aberdeen should get supplies from the undersigned. The address is Post Office Box 491. —E. W. Latchem, Branch Sec'y.

NOT ALL TRUE—CAPITALIST PRESS ADVERTISE I. W. W.

(From Sioux City Journal).

Aberdeen News: "You can tell the readers of the Aberdeen Daily News that, in the main, we are aiming to do two things in your city. We want to run out all the hi-jacks, bootleggers and gamblers that would fleece the harvest workers and we want to establish and maintain a proper minimum wage for harvesting."

The speaker was Brother Miller, a rotund but energetic man who was busy wiping tables and chairs and cleaning up in one of the little shacks in the Milwaukee yards that the I. W. W. has rented again for the season. The shack was one of the three standing close together, all having been rented by the Industrial Workers of the World as Aberdeen headquarters.

Outside the shack were some thirty or forty men, washing up, shaving, talking, smoking and in general taking it easy. In one corner of the room was a doorway closed by a half door, leading into the "office." The half door was locked but had a counter at its top. Occasionally a man approached and talked with the men inside about entrance fees and dues and membership cards, at which the bookkeepers consulted as they do in any uptown office.

Handling Holdups.

"What do you do with these hi-jacks and bootleggers?" hazarded the reporter.

"We take care of them in our own style and they never bother us any more. We don't call any bull or fly cop, but we give them our own brand of justice."

"But recruiting members from transient men as you do, you can't help but let some of them in."

"Sure we do. You'll find crooks in any organization. But we put ours out. We investigate an applicant with more strictness than you know. Inside of three days we can know an awful lot about him. Somebody in the crowd will know how he has worked and what he has done. And if we line up a man and he proved to be a hi-jack or stickup man he only pulls his stuff once. He'll never do it again, at least until he gets a long ways away."

"This stickup stuff is what has been hurting the I. W. W. Is that why you want to run it out?"

"That's it exactly."

The Scale of Wages.

The hitherto nearly empty room now had a half dozen listeners in it, drawn from those standing and sitting outside.

"Are you going to establish a minimum wage in Brown County here?" tried the reporter.

"We sure are."

"What'll it be?"

"It'll be $4.50 a day and a ten-hour day. It was $4 here last year."

"What was it in Kansas this year?"

"It was $5.50 alone on a headerbox with the farmer furnishing the driver and caring for the team," spoke up a young chap who showed the Kansas tan. "And it was go to work at 7 o'clock, too, and get good meals and a good place to sleep. Other wages were mostly $3.50."

"Is this scale stationary now?"

I. W. W. Never Satisfied.

"Hardly," said another man. "The wage varies in different localities. It doesn't depend on crops or number of men or demand, either. The I. W. W. is never satisfied and never will be until it gets absolute control of the industrial world and turns the profits where they belong—the pockets of the men who labor. The wages will continue to go up."

"If we get paid $3 we'll do $3 worth of work," spoke up another chap. "If we get paid $4 we'll do $4 worth of work—no more, not less. We are just like the wop who cut an inch off his shovel when the boss docked his pay two bits."

A dozen men now stood listening to the conversation.

"How are your new members lining up?"

"We took in 2,070 in South Dakota last week. We got over 20,000 in the iron range of Michigan in three days. We took in over 6,000 in Kansas during the harvest. There are dozens of organizers in Aberdeen right now besides the stationary delegate, Mr. O'Connell. We are in the majority right now and control things.

Policing the Trains.

"Do you let fellows ride who don't belong? They say you don't."

"We put hi-jacks, bootleggers and gamblers off the trains and keep them off. Those two coons who shot up one of us down at Tulare last week we put off because they stuck up a fellow."

"Would you put off a union man who didn't belong to the I. W. W.?"

"No. But we wouldn't let him work in the harvest fields."

Must Join to Work.

"Because the harvest fields are ours. They belong to the tradeless transients. A union plumber wouldn't think he could go into a union barber shop and work on his card. Why should a union barber or plumber think he should come into our harvest fields and work on his card? He can do it, only if he will line up. The I. W. W. will accept men, union or nonunion, Catholic or Protestant, deaf or dumb, just so they are wage-earners. They can all join, but they can't work in our fields unless they do join."

The little room was now crowded full and when the reporter passed out a box of Camels it came back well cleaned. They were earnest men, all of them. Not a laugh or a snatch of a song did the reporter hear during the hour and a half that he spent in and about the headquarters. There were greetings occasionally as some bronzed worker met another that he had known in Kansas, Nebraska, or maybe had labored or slept with in Dakota land last year. But of boisterous actions or ribaldry there was none. They seemed men with a purpose, men willing to talk, often even eager to talk, but their talk all had to do with their work and the I. W. W.

Warning to "Hi-jacks."

Early in the conversation a man stepped from the sanctum sanctorum to hand the reporter a letter received from the general strike committee of the Metal Mine Workers' Union, Number 490, which has walked out at Virginia, Minn. Later another chap came out with a circular for him which was headed in black face type. "Warning to Hi-jacks, Bootleggers, Holdups, Gamblers, etc., in the Harvest Fields." In the two pages following the head two sentences set in capitals caught the reporter's eye. "To anyone who has any schemes of personal advancement to exploit where the wageearners are calculated to be the victims, we wish to say, 'You Had Better Get Out of the Way. Your Game Won't Go.'"

None Go Hungry.

"I notice one thing this year,"—this from the News man—"none of the I. W. Ws. seem to be going hungry."

"You bet we don't. We have got $20,000 for organizing, and we have got plenty of money to see that no one starves. If they won't pay us our prices we won't go hungry, and that's where we have them. We in Aberdeen are feeding some of the boys down here, but most of them are eating in the restaurants. No one around here looks hungry, nor do you see cannon sticking out of their pockets or black jacks."

An erstwhile mine worker, who from his talk appeared to be an Englishman, now took the reporter in tow to another one of the shacks to see some facsimile checks pasted on the wall received by workers in the iron range, illustrating partial cause for the strikes in that locality. Here the evidence of bountiful food was everywhere. At a long table sat several men eating an early supper and others sat about picking their teeth. The food looked good and evidently was good, judging by the speed of its disappearance.

The Membership.

"How many members have you got in Aberdeen now?"

"We did have six or seven hundred, but in the last two days hundreds have gone out to work. We have sent out a lot in this country and many into other districts. This is a distributing center here and more are coming in all the time."

"Come again," said Brother Miller, as the reporter hurried off before his story became dull in his head. "We'll be glad to see you anytime."

DESPISED FOREIGNERS RAISE WAGES FOR AMERICANS!

REDDING, Cal.—The Miners and all labor connected with the Mammoth Mine at Kennet on July 19th went out on strike for 50 cents increase in wages for all the employes. After being on strike for fifteen minutes they went back to work while the officials decided what they were going to do to cope with the situation.

The old scale, called sliding, had a habit of sliding down to the bottom and forgetting to slide up, thus naturally conforming to the law of gravity and economics. They had a bonus system. When copper was at 15 cents, they were to receive 25 cents more a day; 50 cents was the bonus with copper at 20 cents, and 75 cents with copper at 25 cents.

The copper companies naturally started cutting the prices of copper, not to their customers, *but on paper*. The miners watching the copper market would find it quoted at over 25 cents; and the company would have bulletins quoting it at 20 cents or less. They would explain that the prices in the papers were for Eastern, not Western copper.

After giving the companies the time, the workers thought sufficient, they went out to a man and completely tied up the mine. There was no disorder; the workers just took a rest. The sheriff from here went up there with a bunch of deputies, called for by the company.

The workers were most of them foreigners. There were 186 Spanish workers; 178 Italian workers, 124 Americans, Finns, and Germans, and 82 of other nationalities.

The Italians and Spanish, on Sunday, had a meeting at which they were addressed by various speakers. The Americans were roundly scored for their attitude towards the rest of the strikers. They seemed to think: "Why should we help a strike of foreigners largely?" That attitude showed them inferior to the men they despised. Their coming out was remarkable; and was in the main, inspired more by the fear of bodily harm, than by any spirit of manhood. During the two days of the strike, the actions of most of them was painful. They went around proclaiming their alliance with the company. They were scared they would loose their wonderful jobs.

On Monday afternoon the Strike Committee had a conference with the company; and the company granted the increase. The company could have beaten the strikers, as they were divided by racial hatred.

NO I. W. W.'ISM—LOTS OF SCABISM.

The longshoremen's strike is over, so far as San Francisco is concerned. The men claim that the million dollars slush fund of the Chamber of Commerce has got in its work. Some of the fakirs are accused to their faces of having sold them out. One of the fakirs, Tillman H. Herring by name, chairman of the strike committee at $20.00 per week, foreman for Rolph Navigation Co. at $5.00 per day, city fire commissioner at $5.00 per day, etc., was beaten up the other day. The lumberhandlers have also gone back to work, after the bosses announced that they would run their business open shop.

Last Saturday the preparedness parade came off. According to the Bulletin's count there were 22,000 people in line, and no doubt the slaves who marched were mostly forced into it. The Public Service Corporation's slaves such as the P. G. & E.'s were mostly non-English speaking and some of them still had their old country clothes on.

Some Maniac threw or set an infernal machine into a crowd watching the parade, killing several women and children.

Hardly had the injured been taken to the hospitals when the open shop gang under the leadership of the Chamber of Commerce and Willie Hearst's Examiner tried to make propaganda for their own designs out of it. The chairman, one Koster, announced in the papers yesterday that he is out for stamping out I. W. W.'ism in the labor movement.

If he can find any I. W. W.'ism within the Labor Temple or Waterfront Federation he knows more than the I. W. W. has been able to discover, and we surely have looked for it.

E. W. V.

The struggle for existence is unworthy of mankind. The most successful of the lower forms of life are those which practices mutual aid. —Exchange.

Much credit should be given the real union men, who, while many of them not organized, stood together and acted like men. The American workers could learn a great lesson of solidarity from the Italian, Finnish and Spanish workers.

The foreigners won this strike. So far, none of the workers who did not like to take part in a "Bohunk strike" have refused the raise of wages given them by the despised foreigners, who were the better men and fighters.

—Delegate Local 311.

LOS ANGELES SUPPORTS MESABA STRIKERS.

LOS ANGELES, Cal.—Local 602 held a mass meeting on Sunday, July 23rd, at the Blanchard Hall for the purpose of raising financial support for the Iron Range strikers. Bill B. Cook was chairman and the speakers included Fred H. Moore, Howard Schaeffle, Charles Ashleigh and Cartoonist Robert Minor, of "Masses" fame.

The crowd was not very large, but, for a summer Sunday afternoon, was fairly satisfactory; they made up for sparsity of numbers in the hearty response to the appeal for funds. Thirty-one dollars was collected and the entire sum sent to the strikers, as members had donated the expenses of the hall and printing.

This makes about fifty dollars sent by this local in the last few days, showing that Los Angeles is still on the map. To those locals that have not yet taken up the fight for the Mesaba strikers, we say: "Go ye and do likewise!"

—PRESS COMMITTEE,
(Local 602, Los Angeles, Cal.)

NOT VERY "BAD MAN."

(From "Sioux City Journal.")

Engineer Brunson says he found one man secreted under the pilot of his locomotive. The train was loaded down with men holding I. W. W. cards.

"You better get out from under there," Brunson told the hidden one. "It's not very safe."

"It's safer for me than back there," said the man, "because I have no I. W. W. card. I have a gun though and I'm a bad man. If any of them come near me I'm goin to shoot."

When Mitchell was reached, three of the card men stepped up and commanded the "bad man" to come forth. With alacrity he stepped forth.

"Beat it," commanded his tormentors. The stranger did beat it.

"You're not quite as tough as you thought you were," Brunson yelled after him.

Owing to the many inquiries about the detective, who was detected in the position of secretary at Eureka, I wish to announce that this was not the street speaker H. W. Wright, better known among the fellow workers as "Windy Wright."

E. C. PLUNKETT,
Secretary 174.

COURTS ARE USED AGAINST STRIKERS

PORTLAND, Ore.—The striking longshoremen here are surely up against a hard shell game, as the question of whether it is morally right or wrong to interfere with the Shipping Trust's profits is now up before the Federal Court.

A temporary injunction was issued by Judge Wolverton, a few days ago, restraining the longshoremen from doing any picketing along the waterfront, and for them to appear before "His Royal Nibs" and show reasons why this injunction should not be made permanent. This frameup is, as usual, instigated by the Chamber of Commerce, and they have come out openly and declared they will spend vast sums of money to defeat this strike.

An I. W. W. knows that its not beyond the dignity even of a Federal Judge to accept all the tainted money that the Chamber of Commerce can scrape up, but of course the strikers will wait for their medicine with patient forbearance.

According to the interstate commerce laws, it is a criminal offense to in any way interfere with the transportation of commodities from one community to another, and thus places such offenders before the Federal Courts of the United States. This means all good union men are criminals in the eye of the law. Judge Wolverton brought out distinctly in the court room the other day that if unwarrantable interference with the company's business and employees (which means scabs) could be shown, he would not allow it under the law. This ruling ought to be plain enough for any union man to understand.

Try it in our own Courts.

I suppose some union leader will advocate appealing this case to the Supreme Court of the land. We very well remember the cases of the Buck Range & Stove Co. and the Danbury Hatters of America, where the slaves got it where the chicken got the ax. We remember the fine that was placed on the Hatters' Union.

The I. W. W. wonders what is the matter with taking such cases before the court of the working class of all the unions of the transportation industry, and completely paralyze that industry. It would be impossible for the Shipping Trust to get scabs in all branches, under such circumstances, to keep this industry running.

This kind of action would take the power out of the hands of the shipping trust and Supreme Courts, and place the power in the hands of the working class, where it belongs. Picketing, under such circumstances, would not be as necessary; and even if it was such solidarity would have the power to back it up. Scabs would be scarce under such conditions, because such solidarity would breed greater solidarity. It is a axiom that scabs breed scabs, not in the sense that the word is used, but in the sense of craft organization.

False Unionism.

What is the sense of beating scabs on the head when union men are scabbing upon one another. If a scab should pass through the picket line, the strikers will throw bricks, bats, or whatever they can get their hands on. Along will come a union sailor or fireman, they will shake hands and remark: "Did you see that damn scab Bill, we sure gave him hell." Bill will go back on the boat to scab himself.

It is an undisputed fact that it is this kind of unionism that is breeding scabs and helping to break the backbone of the longshoremen's strike. This kind of unionism cannot have the support of any intelligent worker, in this day of modern production.

No I. W. W. makes any excuses for scabbery of any kind, whether organized or unorganized. The sooner the working class get down to the economic basic causes that produce such curious conditions, the sooner they will remedy this disease.

Strikes today cannot be won by clubs, brickbats, arbitration boards or injunction courts. All these are but the antiquated methods of bygone days and result finally in defeat.

Labor must show a solid front, they must be able to use their magic power on the pulse of industry, and through this solidarity all wheels must stand still. Some day labor must, labor can, and labor will do this.

In the mean time until the working class have learned to stand on their own feet, they must take their medicine with solemn fortitude.

You join the I. W. W. today.

—Harry Lloyd.

ENTERTAINMENT AND DANCE

The Finnish Socialists, of Seattle, will on Sunday, August 6th, at their hall on Washington Boulevard, hold a big entertainment and dance for the benefit of the striking miners of the Iron Range. All members of the working class, without consideration of nationality, should go to this meeting as they can help fulfill their duty to the miners, and find the duty extremely enjoyable. The direction for getting to the Finnish Hall from the Central portion of Seattle is to take a Madison car to Thirty-first Street. The admission will be 25 cents.

The Industrial Worker wants good cartoons. The I. W. W. has a number of very good cartoonists. Let's get together.